

endless bummer

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Category: IT (2017)

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Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

“do you believe in, like, higher powers and shit?” he whispers, ignoring how his face stung, hoping it wouldn’t leave a mark.

“dude, i literally woke up, like, five seconds ago,” he complains.

or,

eddie and richie stargaze

1. camping is kinda cool, but eddie is cooler

Author's Note:

shit idk

first thing on here why not make it reddie

idk how to get someone to beta this cause i dont think anyone cares

anyways have fun

they're camping and he can't sleep. he rolls over and pokes eddie in the side, ignoring his quiet scowl and continues to poke him, watching carefully.

"eds. eddie. e-d-d-i-e." he whispers, blowing on his ear, frowning. "eddie spaghetti. wake the fuck up."

on what seems to be the tenth attempt eddie finally wakes up, his hand connecting with richie's face in a resounding slap. "richie," he groans. "what the fuck?"

"do you believe in, like, higher powers and shit?" he whispers, ignoring how his face stung, hoping it wouldn't leave a mark.

"dude, i literally woke up, like, five seconds ago," he complains, but still lets richie speak. "and if they do exist... why couldn't they have done shit to make that dumbass clown stop terrorizing children?"

"maybe it's cause of your repulsive dick."

"that's not what your mom was saying las--"

"shut the fuck up, richie, or i swear to god, i'll--"

"would you please stop talking, some of us actually sleep," he hears a voice interrupt.

this successfully allows him to change the subject. "hey," he says.

“the fuck do you want now,” eddie says, the *let me sleep* going unsaid. “let’s. let’s go somewhere,”

“where?” he asks, not even bothering to ask why. he can probably tell what’s bugging richie at this moment, the way his tone is or whatever. he lets that thought slide. “i don’t know. whatever,” he starts to say, but eddie’s already pulling him up. “okay, i’m up, so let’s just go,”

eddie grabs his hand and they both don’t say anything, it’s just a thing and they won’t talk about it, but richie’s mind still lingers on it. then he makes himself think about girls, but that leads him to boys and then eddie in general, which scares him. questions pick at his brain and he can’t stop thinking about it, usually he makes jokes to think about something else, but this is unavoidable. and stupid. eddie’s fingers dig into his palm enough that it reminds him that this is real, that he’s not dreaming.

the clearing is only a little ways away from where the other losers are, but the thought of being separated freaks him out. eddie lets go of his hand and they both lay down, looking up at stars and the moon, the light washing over them in strange ways.

he fidgets against the grass, staring up at the sky, deliberately making sure his body doesn’t touch eddie’s as long as he lies next to him. the grass is itching his neck, he can feel a line of sweat running down his back which will make him squirm if he keeps thinking about it.

they had wandered off in the middle of the forest, walked away from the other losers who were all still asleep. it was probably a shit move, though, considering what happened, the showdown in the sewer and whatnot. a clown puked on eddie, bill shot his dead brother in the forehead, mike almost got murdered by henry fucking bowers, yet it still seemed to be slipping away from him, ebbing away slowly but never fully leaving.

“this fucking sucks.” he says, frowning, his hand reaching out to pick at the dirt and grass.

“yeah, no shit,” eddie replies.

“no, i mean, i feel like i’m fucked in the brain.” he glances over at him.

“you’re just now realizing that?”

“it’s good enough for your mom,”

“hasn’t even been that long and you already fucked it up, trashmouth,” he scowls.

then it gets quiet until he starts talking again, annoyed and a little scared of the silence. “i haven’t been sleeping.” he says quietly. “not to be overdramatic, but every time i close my eyes i feel like that fucking clown is gonna crawl out of the sewers and murder me, or one of us, or even you, or...” he trailed off.

“hey. nobody’s gonna die,” eddie reassures, “and then we just have to forget that it exists, so after it comes back we can just kill it again.”

richie thinks maybe he wants to hold his hand again, but doesn’t say anything about that. instead he talks about the stars and the sky and talks about anything but it, ignoring whatever tension there may be or brushing aside his thoughts, the scary, weird questions about himself. he just fought a demon clown and he’s even more terrified when he’s talking to or even being around eddie, a boy who wore fanny packs and nylon short-shorts and has asthma and probably won’t get any more growth spurts.

he sneaks a look over. eddie looks scared. richie is fucking terrified. he breathes carefully and looks away, trying to not flip out or something like that. richie is being even more careful than he has ever been in probably his whole life, he usually just does things without thinking about it until later, hiding behind jokes and comebacks and smartass comments so people don’t pay attention to the fears he has.

“have you ever kissed anyone?”

“yeah, your sister,” eddie replies, rolling his eyes. “but in all seriousness, no. that’s a lot of.... fucking germs,”

richie had sat up at this point, hugged his knees to his chest and

closed his eyes when he spoke, getting tired of the inky sky and refusing to stare at the shadows.

“i’m sure you would like it, after getting over initial shock or hate or whatever.”

he felt tired, enough to make him do stupid shit but not enough to explain whatever the fuck he was doing. he looked over at eddie, who was now sitting cross-legged, staring straight back. richie pushes his glasses up and tries not to feel too awkward. it’s not like he wasn’t getting himself into this anymore than eddie is, but it doesn’t stop him from feeling too aware of eddie looking at him, staring at his back.

“what?”

“i don’t... whatever,” he mumbles. *this is probably the quietest i’ve ever been in my whole life*, he thinks, feeling a little freaked out, a little like maybe he’s gonna explode.

“yeah, whatever,” eddie repeats quietly, as richie gives up on whatever subtlety he was trying to convey. “is... is this why you wanted me to do... whatever this is?”

“no,” he says quickly, “maybe, i dunno... what the hell.”

“i don’t mind,”

“what?” he says.

“um,” eddie says, looking a little bit scared himself, which is kind of funny too.

richie looks down, and is kind of expecting them to kiss or something, since neither of them are getting up or storming off or freaking out. “okay,” he whispers, mostly to himself.

then he thought that maybe eddie was pretty for a boy, and that maybe he’s more appealing than the other losers or maybe beverly, and that maybe he’s gay or bi or whatever, which kind of made his stomach turn. he ignored that and focused on what was happening, the set of his mouth, the nervous glint in his eye. then when he

leaned in, richie almost expected the world to fall off of its axis.

it wasn't a kiss, or it was barely even a kiss, it had lasted for half a second and was more of a brush of lips, but it still made him feel like he was going to fucking explode all over the place. imagine that-exploding right after your first and pretty much only kiss.

“okay,” he says. richie grins at him and leans in again.

this time it's better. he puts his arm around his waist, eyes closing as richie uses his hand to hold the back of his neck, tilting up his face a bit. his other hand goes up to cup his face.

they hold hands in the dark and stargaze and kiss; because it's a thing that people do sometimes, when it's summer, and they face death in the form of a clown, and they like each other.

2. stargaze - old

Notes for the Chapter:

so im rewriting this , but i'll still keep it up if u want to read it. the newer version will be in the first chapter ig.

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Author's Note:

sorry if the characterization is wonky im still figuring out how to write them. feel free to comment